

WITH THE SECOND VIRGINIA CAVALRY AT BULL RUN—RECOLLECTIONS OF A FIGHTER WHO WAS IN THIS GREAT EARLY BATTLE.



THE CAVALRY CHARGE ON THE FEDERALS.

WRITER FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

I have never seen a more beautiful sunrise than that which occurred on the 21st day of July, 1861.

The approach of the "King of Day" on a midsummer morning, is hardly announced by the beautiful blushes on the eastern horizon, before his bright rays begin to dart through the trees and convert the dew-drops on the grass into sparkling diamonds. The limp dress of nature has been freshened since the torrid heat of yesterday, and she smiles in inexpressible loveliness at the approach of the morning light. What a pity this beautiful panorama is of so short duration! But the sun climbs so rapidly toward the zenith that we soon are panting again for breath. I can never

forget this particular sunrise.

We left our camp at Fairfax Court House early on the morning of the 17th, marched slowly up the grade through Germantown on the Warrenton Pike. We were green and raw in military matters and threw away our ham and bread to lighten the load of our horses. How we wished for them before the long day's march was over! But dewberries were ripe and, during the frequent halt, we found means of appeasing the urgent demands of our appetite. We passed Centerville in the early evening, and late at night crossed the stone famous "Bull Run." As we passed up the hill on the south of the stream a weird light was presented by the silent ranks of Bonham's South Carolina Brigade

stationed near the foot of the hill. A little higher up the hill, a battery of artillery, the pieces all unlimbered and pointing towards Mitchell's Ford which we had crossed in our march from Centerville. The ropes at the end of the rods (limbs) were lighted and ready to "light off" the cannon, should the enemy attempt to cross the ford during the night. We proceeded to the summit of the hill and bivouacked on the open plateau of the crest. Our position commanded a full view of the heights on the north side of the stream and as we were not on duty, we spent the next day watching for the approach of the Army of the North. It was several miles from our position to the top of the hill on the opposite side. In the af-

ternoon of the 18th, we could discern the enemy debouching from the road where it came into open view from the woods. In a short time a puff of smoke was seen and in a few moments a cannon ball hissed past, high up over our heads, and struck in the open plateau behind us. Another "boom" past, and then another. Under the circumstances, it was difficult for them to estimate how far their balls overshot our position. But we were soon called to the woods below the road where we could not be exposed to the view of the artillery. Pretty soon the booming of cannon from both armies was heard and not long after, volleys of musketry were added to the display of war at the ford below us. (Blackburn's.) *** All was quiet

THE BIBLE TRANSLATED INTO SCOTCH.

From the Montreal Herald.

The Scriptures have been translated into Scotch—to speak accurately, the New Testament, for the experiment is to extend only to that now. Such a translation must be one of two things: It must be either in a dialect that is impure and unlettered, or in a dialect that is no longer familiar to the multitude. As we learn from the publisher, Mr. Alex. Gardner, Paisley, the experiment is to be in the latter, in the Scotch of the early century, that is to say:

Interviewed on the point on behalf of the London Leader, Mr. Gardner said his Testament in the broad Scotch—or still roots as the peasant has it—which is still only in manuscript, would not be in the Glasgow of Paisley Scotch of the present day, but would more resemble Burns. It would not be archaic, but neither would it be corrupt. "Here, for instance, is the Lord's Prayer," said Mr. Gardner:

"Father o' us, bide aboon! Thy name be hallow! Thy reign begin! Lat Thy will be done, haith in Yirth and Heevn! Gie us like day our needfu' food, And forgie us a' oor ill-deeds, as we sin far-gae thee wad us ill; and lat us no be aift; but save us frae the ill-Ane; for the croon is Thine ain; and the micht and the glorie, for evr and evr, Amen."

"Presumably the author is a Scotsman?" Mr. Gardner was asked.

"He is a Scotsman, but a Scotsman resident in Canada, who has acquired his knowledge of Scotch from books only. He is a retired minister, Mr. Smith his name is, and he is over 70 years of age."

"Do you really think Scotch people will understand it, Mr. Gardner?"

"Those who know their Bibles perfectly will; others may be puzzled by it."

"And English people?"

"I showed it to an English minister the other day and he was greatly tickled. His knowledge of the Scriptures aided him a little, but even at that he was beaten to read it intelligently."

"You don't count, then, on any great demand for a book of this kind?"

"Not in the sense that there is any desire for it," said Mr. Gardner. "There is no need for a Scotch Testament, as for a Gaelic one; and you can guess whether it will ever be used or recognized by the churches. But it will be an interesting and curious book, and on that account may have some vogue." In answer to a further question Mr. Gardner mentioned that the publication would probably come in the autumn.

Asked if the Scotch rendering of the Scriptures was in any way ludicrous, Mr. Gardner remarked that that would depend on the reader and his knowledge of the dialect. "I'll show you the manuscript," he said, "and you can judge for yourself."

Translation of the Sermon on the Mount.

And seein' the thrang o' folk, he gaird up intil a moun'tain; and when he wa' suttin-doon, his disciples gather'd aboot. And he open'd his mouth, and instructit them; and quod the sperrits that are lown and candle: for the kingdom o' Heevn is wairin' for them!

"Happy they that are makin' their meat; for they sal fin' comfort and peace!" "Happy the lowly and meek o' the yirth; for the yirth sal be their ain haddin!" "Happy they whase hunger and drouth are for holiness; for they sal be stoght!"

"Happy the pitfu'; for they sal win pitie theistal!"

"Happy the pure heartit; for their en sal dwell upon God!"

"Happy the makers-up o' strife; for they sal be countit for bairns o' God!" "Happy the ill-treatit ones for the sake o' gude; for they 'ae the kingdom o' Heevn."

"Happy sal ye be when folks sal misce ye, and ill-treat ye, and say a' things again ye wrangousie for my sake!" "For ye, and be byrthit for yers mek is great in Heevn; for e'en sae did they till the prophets afore ye!"

"The saut o' the yirth are ye; but gin the saut hae that its tang, hoo's to be sautit? Is it no clean useless? to be cistgit out, and transchit under folk's feet?" "Ye are the warld's light. A toug bight on a hilltop is aye seen."

"Nor wad men licht a candle, and pit it neath a eck; but set it up; and it gies licht to a' the hoose."

"Sae lat yers licht gang abrad amang men; that seith yers gude works they may glorie."

"Think-na I am come to do awa' wi' the Law, or the Prophets; I'm no come to do awa, but to bring to pass!" "For truly say I tye, Till Heevn and Yirth dwine awa, as let or e'en fallin' o' a' the Law, till a' comes to pass!"

"Than, who breaks awa' o' theae doest commands, an' gars thers sae do; he sal be ca'd eme!" If the kingdom o' Heevn; but wha sal keep them, and spread them abroad, he sal be ca'd heigh F the Kingdom o' Heevn."

"For I say till ye, Gin yers gudeness gang-na, yont the Scrietes and Pharisees, ne'er sal ye win till the kingdom o' Heevn!"

"Ye ken hoo this wa' spoken till the folk o' yers: Ye matuna kill; and whase kills is in danger o' the Court."

the slightest difficulty in conveying most purchasers of the genuineness of their titles. "If you doubt our word," they said, "inquire at the Government archives, and you will find that the titles which we offer are genuine."

It was easy for them to make this bold statement, for the reason that many of the Government officials were in league with the rascals. The rascals were rapidly becoming rich, when suddenly an unexpected blow fell on them. It happened that the Governor of the province was assigned to a new position a short time ago, and that his successor was a man who took a great interest in genealogical matters.

This new Governor was strolling one day through the gloomy and archaic room it suddenly struck him that there was something quite unusual about the appearance of the books in which the royal grants of titles were recorded. He examined them more closely and discovered not only numerous erasures, but also unmistakable evidence that many documents had been inserted in the archives at Kulkala.

The former document arrived by the next mail and the Governor examined it. He speedily came to the conclusion that Czar Solomon had never set his seal to the paper, and therefore, he at once communicated with the police of St. Petersburg, telling them of his discovery, and suggesting that they take immediate steps to arrest and punish the guilty parties.

Half a dozen of the best detectives in Russia started for Kulkala at once, and within a few days they learned enough to satisfy them that a gigantic plot had been in progress for years, that many Government officials were involved in it, and that the arch conspirators were the four astute Caucasians—Aschotria, Schella, Burgawa and Zulakokri. Promptly they pointed down the unsuspecting quartet, and with scant ceremony hustled them off to the prison at Kulkala, where they were awaiting their trial, on the charge of forgery.

The demand for the forged titles, however, became soon so great that they could not do all the work themselves, and were obliged to employ many assistants. They had headquarters at this time resembled a busy factory. They had, furthermore, a branch house in an adjacent province, and they had agents in every city in Europe. They offered to sell Prince's titles, Counts' titles, Barons' titles—in fact, there was not a preparation to sell at a moment's notice.

For a Prince's title they charged a good round sum of money and they got it, too, as their 28 dupes knew to their sorrow. Their Counts' and Barons' titles were less expensive, and they had always on hand a few minor titles, which they were ready to dispose of for a mere song. They had not

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A call to camp put an end to our entrancing reveries—love, peace and beauty must soon give place to the horrors of battle. We had hardly gotten to camp and taken our place in the ranks before the booming of cannon was shaking the earth and balls were tearing and whirling through the pine woods in which we were concealed. Several hours were spent "in ranks," during which it was hard to banish the thought of the terrible havoc one of these deadly missiles would make should it pass from front through to the rear of our column. As the day advanced cannon began to boom north-west of us, and those that annoyed us ceased. We then formed in line in the open field on the crest of the hill.

Ever fresh in memory is the sight of a South Carolina regiment that passed by to make a position in the line to rear of the ford. In their ranks was the tall figure of old Mr. Ruffin, who fired the first shot at Fort Sumpter. His long, snow-white locks hung down below the collar of his coat from under the fur (silk) hat so often worn by elderly gentlemen in that day. The regiment passed in silence, and the firm and stately tread of the men showed that the spirit that animated every bosom was of the "do-or-die" type.

After we had been in ranks for some time with the noonday sun beating down upon us from a cloudless sky, we were allowed to dismount and stand by our horses. We strained our eyes toward the northwest, where the battle was now fiercely raging, and tried to see some hoped-for signs of victory for the noble band of Southerners, but there was little to encourage us, though our painful interest in the scene made us forget the intense heat that enveloped us. We had no means of knowing the time of day, but the sun had some time passed the zenith, when the clear, ringing voice of Colonel Radford gave forth the cautionary command, "Attention!" Then, "Prepare to mount!" and then, "Mount!" We

were well-drilled and the simultaneous raising of sabers showed that we were all in the saddle. "From the right by fours, gallop; march!" In a moment, the whole column of 700 or 800 horsemen shook the earth in their gallop towards the battlefield. The dust was so thick that we could not see our file leaders, but our horses kept us right and we rapidly covered the distance between our camp and the Lewis House. Before we reached the point our gallop had been changed to a trot, so that we could pass the remnants of infantry which were also making their way to the scene of battle. A regiment of Tennessee troops attracted my attention as we passed. They were of the race of "Anak," tall, muscular men, with mouth firmly set, nostrils expanded, and face lit up with the light of battle; they gave us a lofty indication for the work we expected to be called upon to perform in a few moments. I must not forget to say that in one set of "four's" a jet-black negro, as large as the white giants with whom he marched, filled his place as a born soldier.

After passing the Lewis House we began to see the effects of the battle. The wounded men on the "stretchers" and in the "ambulances," with cheerful voices, would encourage us. "We are whipping them," said they, "go on and make the victory a complete rout!" The stragglers, however, dirty and dusty, and with downcast and rueful looks, told us their regiment had been cut all to pieces, and they were all that were left.

We rode rapidly forward and halted in column on the north side of Holkom's Branch, in rear of Stonewall Jackson's command, and under shelter of the intervening hill.

The rising clouds of dust had given our movement and position to the enemy's batteries, and, immediately, they began to fire on us from the north, from the northeast and from the northwest. Shells burst on our flanks—our left flanks as we stood in column being toward the northwest.

After using shells for some time, they tried to reach us by solid shot in ricochet firing. These would strike the brow of the hill on our left and rebounding over our column, would bury themselves with a dull thud in the hill beyond the branch. As we heard the hissing and screaming of the balls and shells, nearly every man would duck his head instinctively down behind the neck of his horse, which stood with that subdued and resigned look they always have when standing out in a thunderstorm or in the battle's rage.

It seemed that we stood in that spot for many hours, but I know that it could not have been actually much more than half an hour. Then the firing of musketry from Jackson's line began. It would begin on the right, not in volleys, but in succession, and sounded as the grinding of coffee—only magnified a thousand times. Before the wave of reports would reach half way to the left flank, it would begin again on the right—the cannon of both armies playing a bass to the tenor of the musketry. Suddenly there was a yell—as unmistakable as the tocsin of the rattlesnake or the vindictive tone of the humble-bee as he thrusts his sting into you.

—and we knew the "Rebels" were charging the Army of Coercion. The terrible ordeal was soon over and we had to "duck" our heads no more. In a short time we began to march back toward the Lewis House. As our rear was approaching the top of the

hill on the south of Holkom's Branch, an old or elderly man called out: "General Johnson says 'the cavalry must halt!' " We stood there some time. At length we were ordered to take position in a kind of natural amphitheater on the west of the Lewis House. While stopping on this hill several of our horses were wounded by bullets from parting shots of the retreating foe.

The title of the battle was now changing rapidly and our spirits were rising correspondingly. Cheer after cheer went up as Adjutant Burks told us that the "Sherman" and "Ricketts" batteries, which had just worried us so much, had been captured. Then other and louder cheers when he told us a Virginia regiment had captured them. Presently Lindsey Walker and his "derringers," as he called them, passed and took position on the hill northeast of the Lewis House, whence they fired with deliberation and regularity. In a short time, we were ordered to charge.

As we reached the top of the hill at the Lewis House and galloped down to the Lewis Ford, we could see the road to Centerville lined with the retreating enemy, whose pace was rapidly hastening to a run by the balls from Walker's and other batteries. The exultation of the moment reached the utmost limit of human endurance. Our men yelled and cheered as they galloped and the horses shared in the enthusiasm of their riders. As we came to the Warrenton pike a few scattering enemy were seen scampering about, and our men began to fire their shotguns, some at random into the air and some taking aim. The men were so nearly beside themselves that I had to watch those behind me to prevent being shot myself. Many men left the ranks to ride down those who were trying to escape. While I gazed on the confusion around me, I asked myself mentally, "Why all of our drilling and study of the 'Manual' if we were to do this way in battle?" Suddenly, before I could make reply, in clear and clarion tones, the command was given by our Colonel, to "form and charge" that battery." About thirty men promptly took their positions in line; the rest were too much occupied in chasing the fugitives. They did not hear the command. I looked up the road toward Stone Bridge, and saw several pieces unlimbered. One or two were pointed toward us; the others down the pike toward Centerville. We were within a hundred yards, and they overshot our little knot of men. A terrific report, like the noise of a train of cars passing over our heads, almost deafened us, and we left in full gallop. A run of half a mile brought me to the squadrons under our Lieutenant Colonel Munford, who was to strike the pike farther east. I took my place at the rear of his column and we advanced, but the enemy, finding that our cavalry had cut them off, became panic-stricken and were "scattered to the four winds," so we did not find any more of them in ranks. I captured a tall, lean and hank Irishman of a New York regiment and ended the day in escorting him back to the provost guard. It was raining as I went back to camp the next morning. My "mess" were glad to see me, for I had been reported killed. I learned, with sorrow, that our noble Captain, Winston Radford, and our Color Sergeant, the merry Billy Irvine, were among the slain. Painful indeed, was the loss of those princely spirits which went out with our first triumphant shouts of victory. But, "their glory does not and the grief is past."

FORGING TITLES IN RUSSIA—POLICE STOP A PROFITABLE BUSINESS.

The European nobility has just received a severe shock through the news which has reached them from Russia that there are two hundred and eighty-five Princes and a legion of other noblemen now living who have absolutely no right to their titles. An amazing story of fraud, corruption and forgery is told by the St. Petersburg authorities. The principal characters in it are the Caucasians, Aschotria, Schella, Burgawa and Zulakokri, and the minor dramatic personae are registers, recorders and other court officials. The Caucasians, it appears, realized some years ago—the exact time when they began operations is not known—that they were not as wealthy as they ought to be, and so they put their heads together, and after much painful thought evolved a scheme which they were confident would enable them to become millionaires in a short time. Their scheme was to forge royal grants of titles, and to sell

them for large sums to whoever would purchase them. From their point of view the idea was excellent, and the reason why they succeeded so well was because Russia is a heterogeneous country. In no other part of Europe could any such daring plot have been carried out.

The wily Caucasians made their headquarters at Kulkala, and from there issued patents of nobility which purported to have been granted by the former Czar Solomon of Inerita and by David and Leo Dadiant, who were some years ago rulers of Mingrelia. These two kingdoms or principalities, now form part of the Russian Empire, but the decrees, patents and other state papers issued by former rulers are still preserved in the provincial archives, and it was a knowledge of this fact which impelled the conspirators to play such a bold game.

By bribing some of the custodians of these papers they obtained, it is said, fac-

similes of the seals used by Czar Solomon and the Mingrelia superstitious; next they purchased a few reams of ordinary paper, which they treated with chemicals so as to make it appear old. Finally, they wrote on each sheet the appropriate words used by a ruler when granting titles of nobility. Being skilled forgers, they found their task at first easy, especially as they had taken care to obtain from friendly officials the loan of a few genuine royal grants, from which they were able to make exact copies.

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